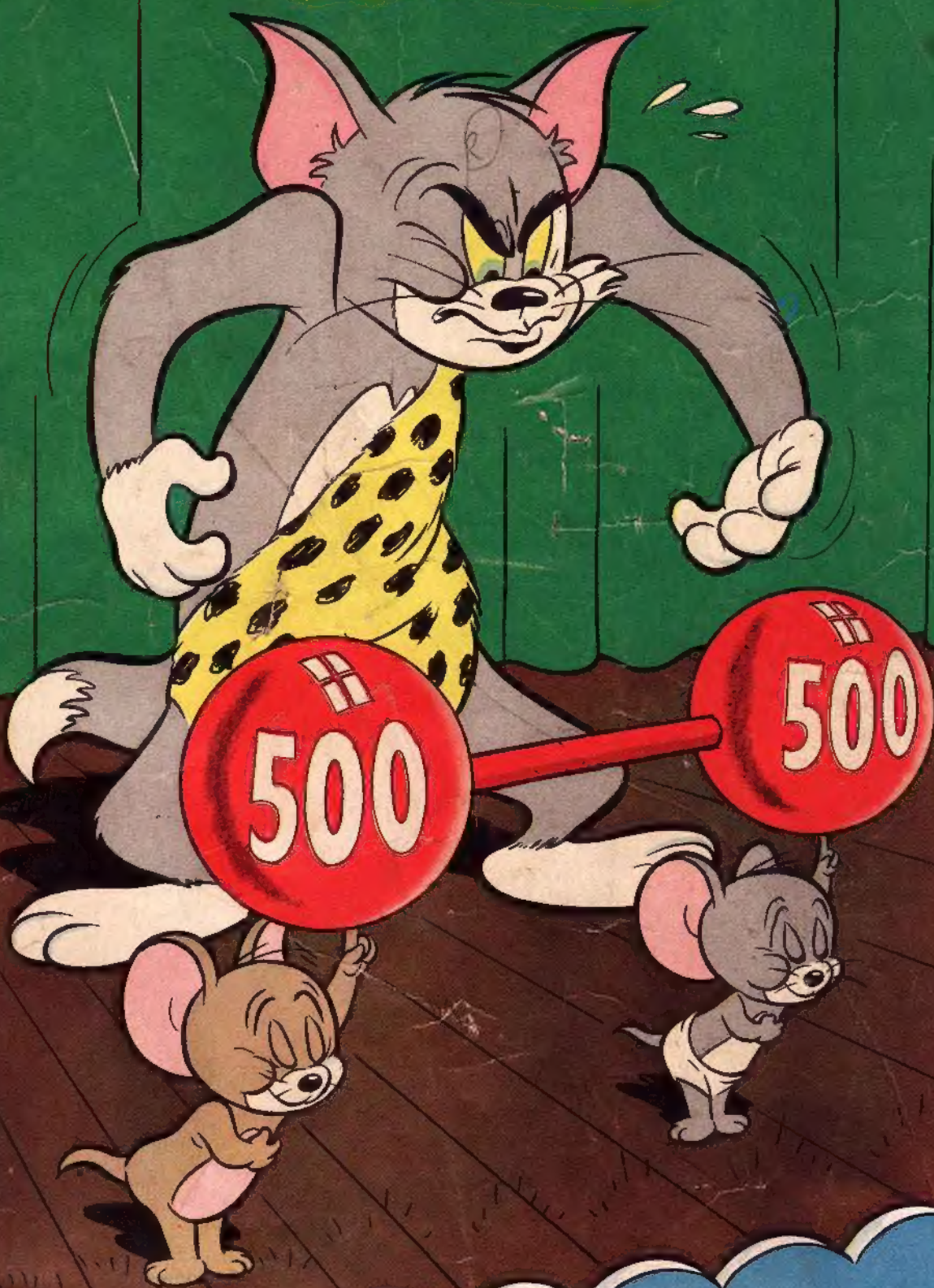


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• A DELL COMIC •

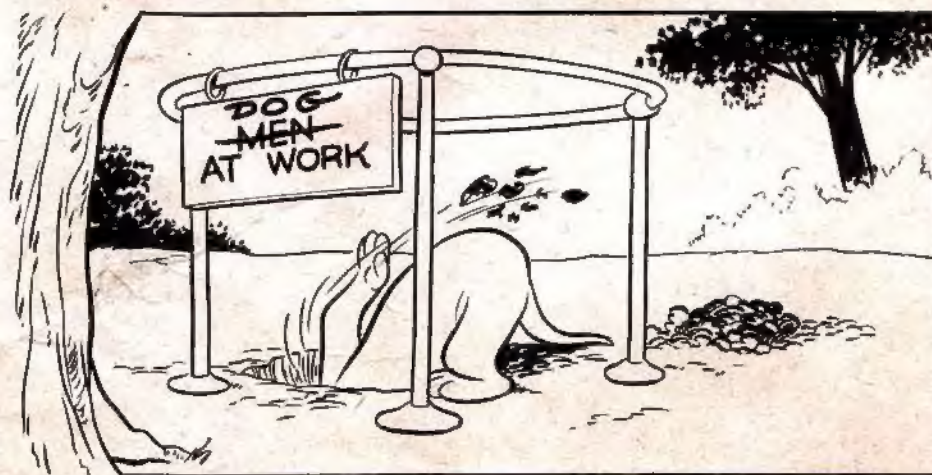
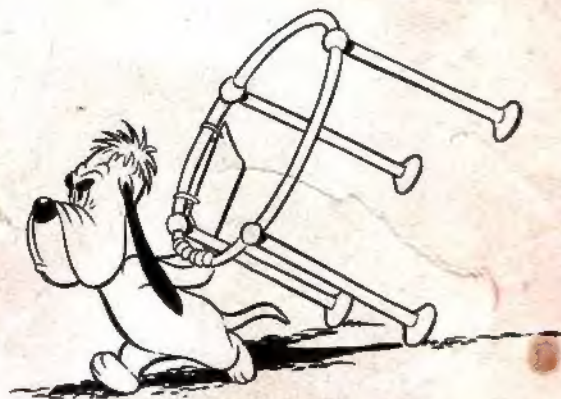
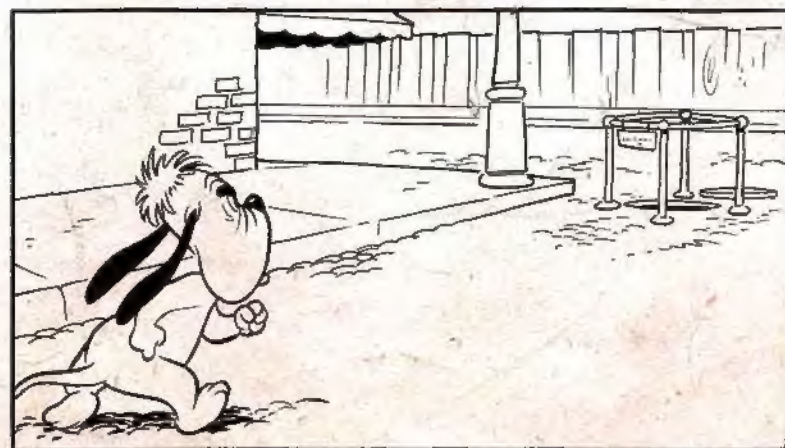
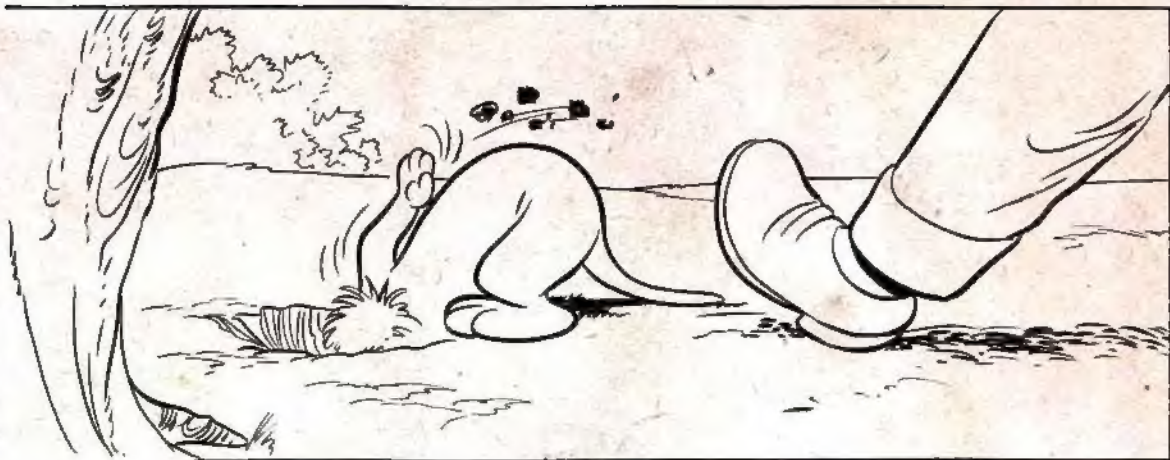
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# Tom and Jerry comics





# DOODY



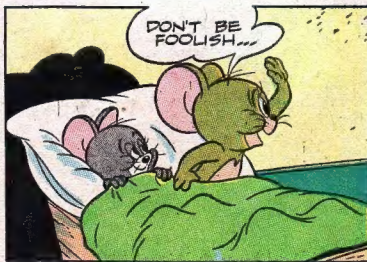
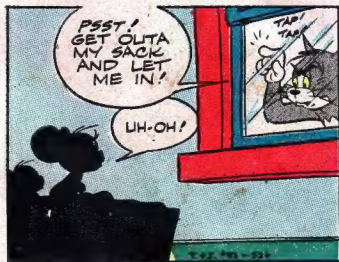
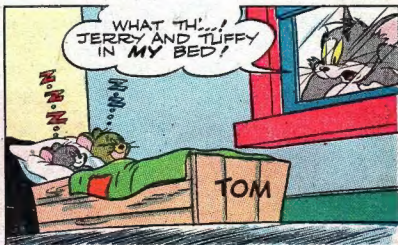
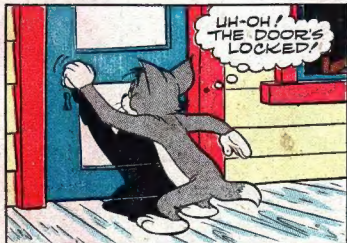
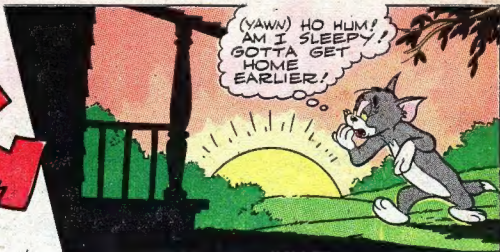
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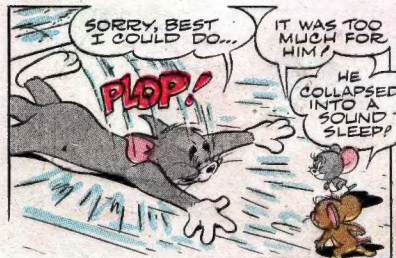
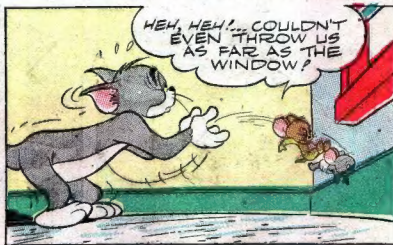
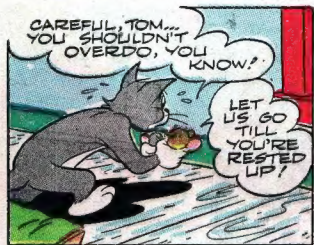
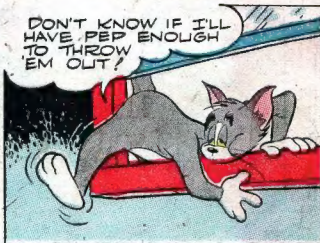
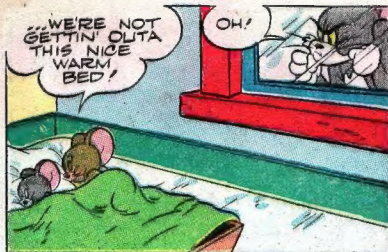
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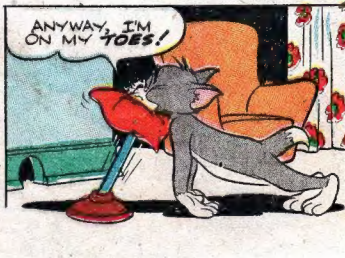
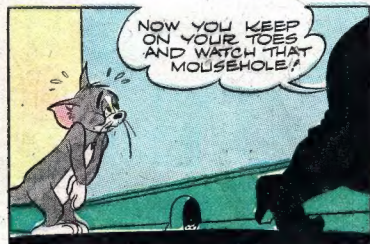
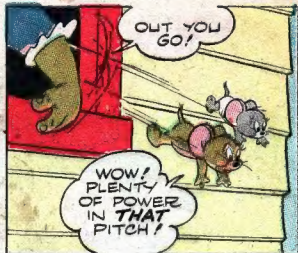
M-G-M-CARTOONS  
*present*

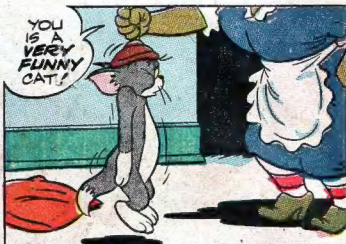
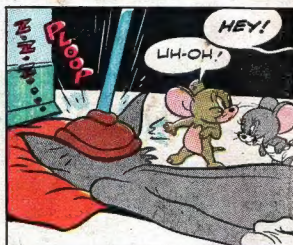
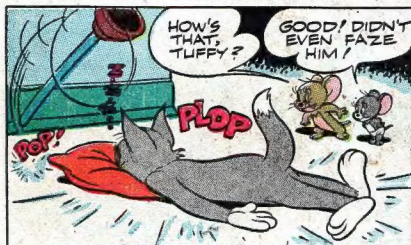
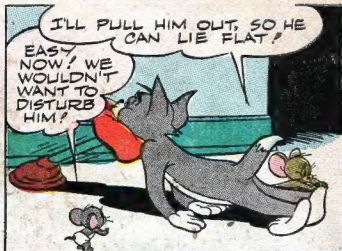
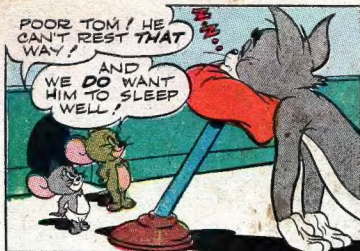
# TOM *and* JERRY



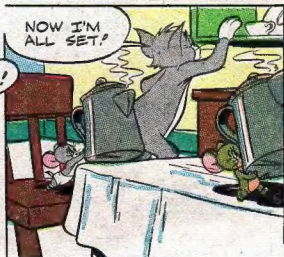
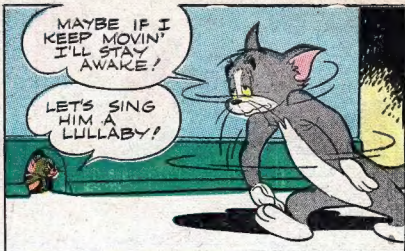


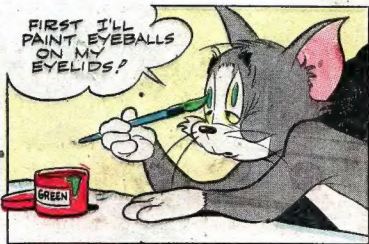
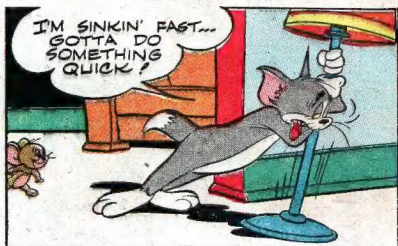




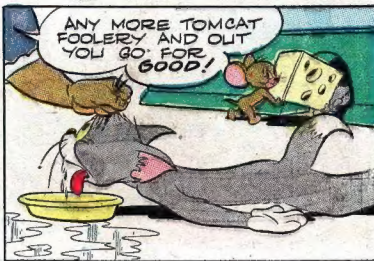
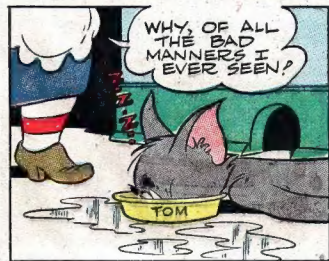
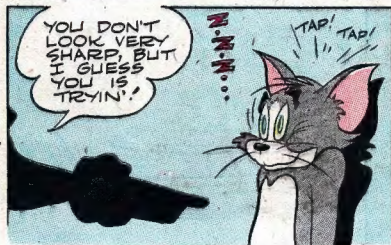
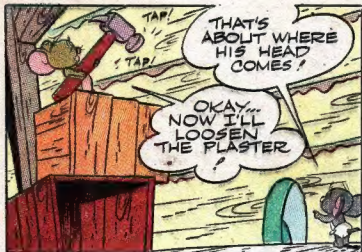




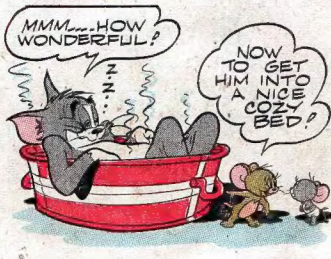
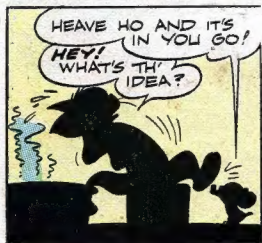
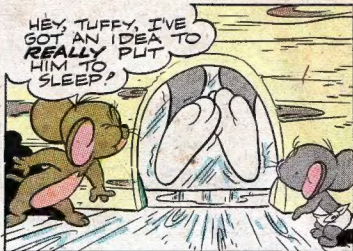




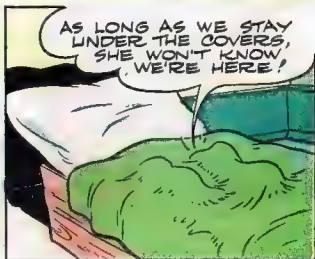
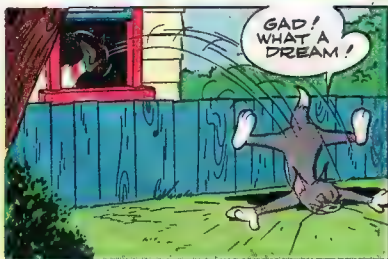
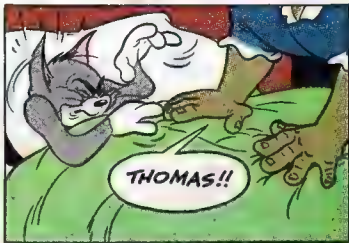
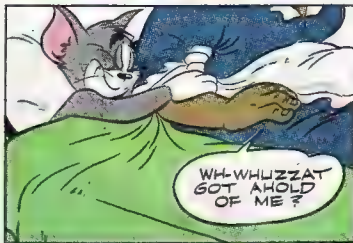
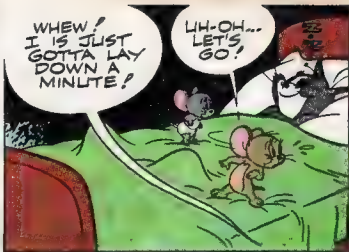
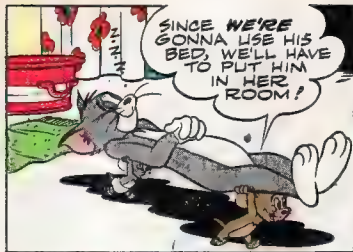




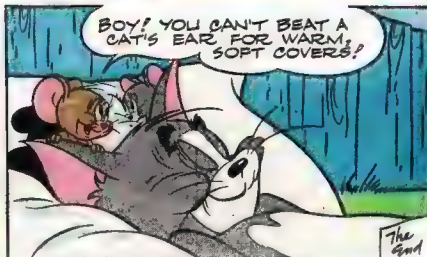
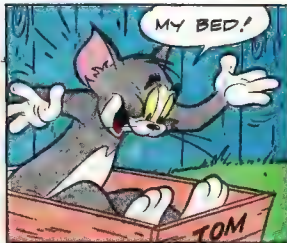
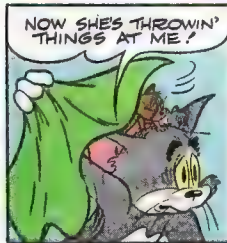
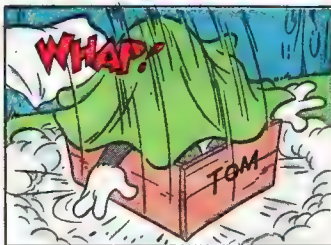
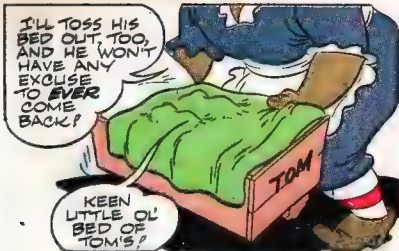












M-G-M-CARTOONS  
*present*

# Big SPINE and Little TYKE

TYKE, THIS IS GOING TO BE  
A FINE DAY... LET'S TAKE  
A HIKE IN THE COUNTRY!

NO,  
I DON'T  
THINK  
WE BETTER  
...IT MIGHT  
RAIN!

COME ALONG,  
IT'S **NOT**  
GOING TO  
RAIN!

SEE THE BUTTERCUPS!  
AREN'T THEY  
PRETTY?

THEY'RE NOT  
BUTTERCUPS...  
THEY'RE  
**DAISIES!**

OKAY, THEN,  
**DAISIES!** BUT  
DON'T  
CONTRADIOT!

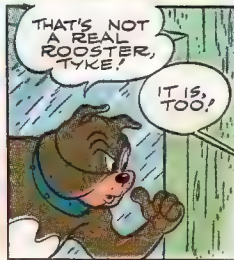
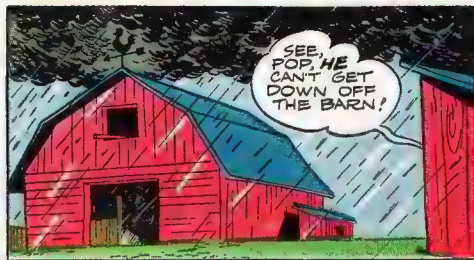
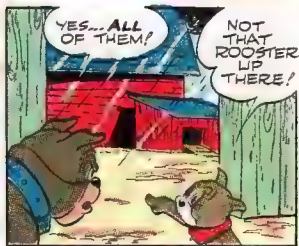
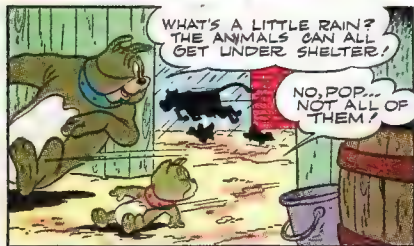
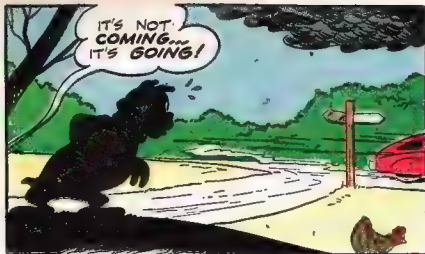
UH-OH, THAT CHICKEN'S  
GONNA BE RUN OVER  
IF I DON'T SAVE  
IT!

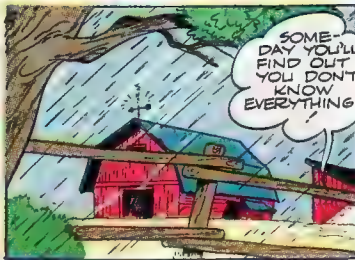
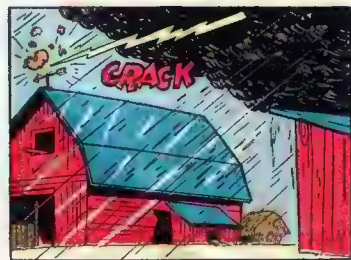
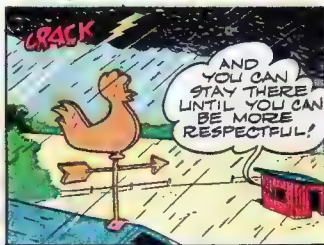
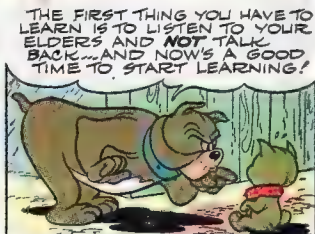
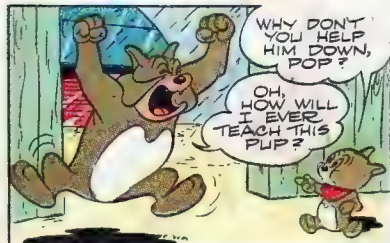
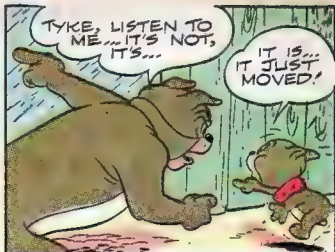
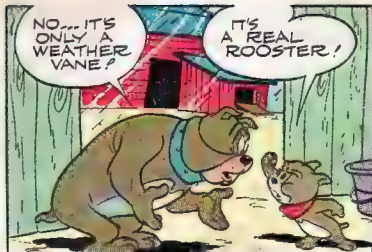
NO,  
POP...

IT WASN'T GOING  
TO BE RUN OVER,  
POP!

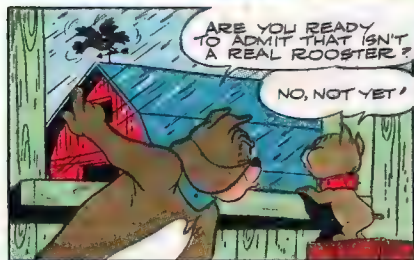
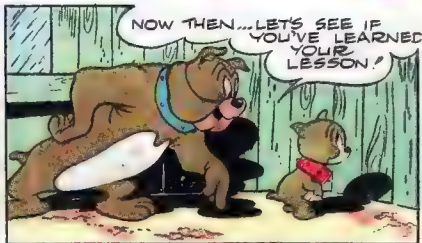
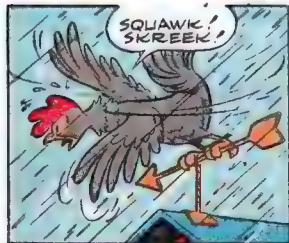
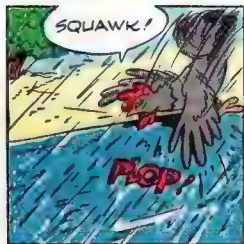
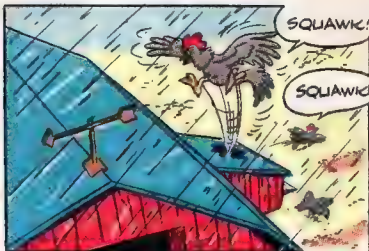
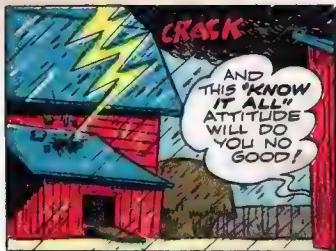
WHAT? DON'T YOU  
SEE THAT CAR  
COMIN'?

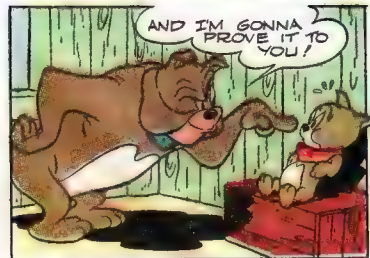
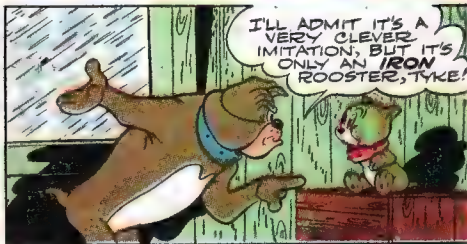
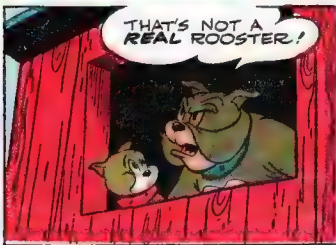
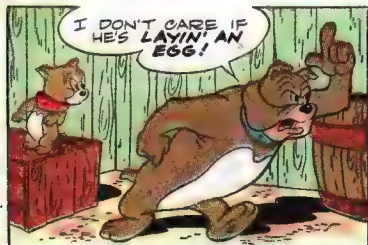
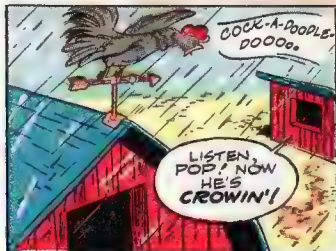
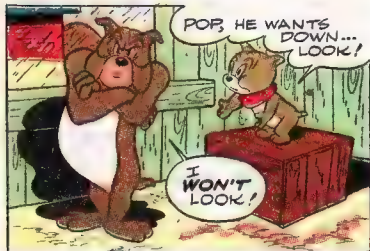




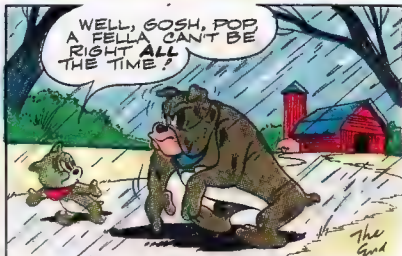
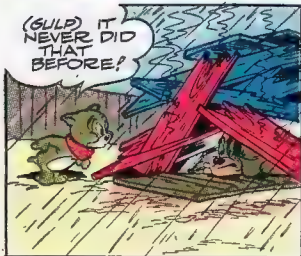
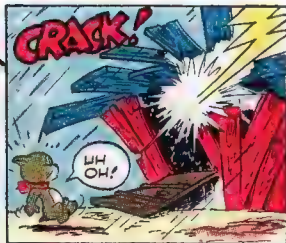
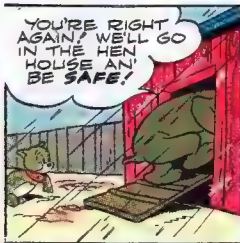
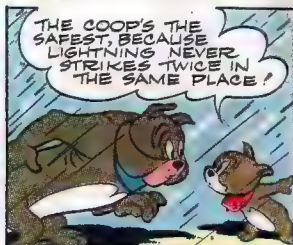
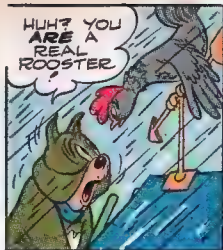








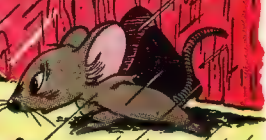
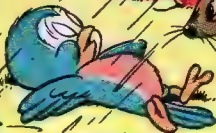




M-G-M CARTOONS  
Present

# BERTIE BIRD'S

"Scare"



It was a dark night. Heavy rain clouds hung low over the tops of trees. Lightning zigzagged across the sky and Old Man Thunder grumbled angrily. The wind howled and shrieked and blew everything topsy-turvy in its path, even poor little Bertie Bird.

Earlier in the day, Bertie's mother had warned him of the coming storm and told him not to fly away from Apple Tree Lane. But the minute her back was turned, off flew Bertie. A little rain could not scare HIM. He could take care of himself all right. But, hours later, here he was, caught in his first thunder storm and frightened nearly out of his wits.

"Help! Help!" he screamed.

But only big drops of rain answered him. "Splop! Splop!" they said, as they landed on his back.

Bertie struggled and struggled. The wind whirled him around and the rain pushed him down. But, each time, he righted himself and flew on. "Nothing can stop me until I get home!" he panted. "NOTHING!"

But something did.

Whirrssh! A big gust of wind caught the tired little bird, tumbled him over and over and finally, landed him—smack!—against the side of a barn and knocked him unconscious. Then down he dropped—kerflop!—right onto the back of a baby mouse who was about to scurry through a hole in the barn.

"Eeeek!" squeaked the scared little mouse who thought he had been struck by lightning. Not waiting to investigate, he darted through the hole into the safe-

ty of the barn. He had not seen Bertie. And Bertie, lying very still on the ground, knew nothing about landing on the little mouse.

By this time, the rain was pelting down. It made splashy sounds as it formed little puddles on the ground. And played rat-a-tat-tat, like a drum, on the tin roof of the barn. It splattered mud all over Bertie's pretty blue feathers. And, finally, its wet coolness revived him.

Bertie opened his eyes and looked around. Everything was so strange. Where was he? What had happened? He shook his head to clear his brain. Then—he remembered. "Oh, my!" he exclaimed, struggling to his feet. "I MUST get home! Mother will be frantic with worry!"

He tried again and again to lift his wings but the heavy rain kept pushing them down. It was no use. He was too weak to fly in this awful downpour. He would have to find shelter until it was over.

Bertie peered into the darkness around him. Then, a flash of lightning showed him the hole in the side of the barn. He hopped cautiously up to it. Then he stopped to listen. But all he could hear was the rumble of thunder and the splashing of the rain. He decided to take a chance. ANYTHING was better than being out in this storm. He hopped through the hole into the barn.

"Ooooh! What a dark, scary place!" he said to himself.

His sharp little eyes darted nervously around. He peered into corners and



thought he saw dark forms moving about. He started. What was that soft whirl of wings above him? Bertie glanced up, then froze with terror. Two big burning eyes looked down at him from the shadowy rafters. Bertie could not move. He just stood there and stared. And the eyes seemed to come closer and closer.

Suddenly—swish!—Bertie was grabbed by the leg and jerked under a pile of straw. "Help! Ow! Let go!" He screamed and struggled and fought.

"Be quiet!" whispered a mousy little voice. "Or Oscar Owl will get us!"

But Bertie was too terrified to realize that the baby mouse was trying to save him from the owl. In fact, he did not know WHO had grabbed him. All he cared about was to get away from this monster. Finally, Bertie pulled so hard and the little mouse held on so tightly, they both shot out of the pile of straw and landed right at the feet of Old Oscar Owl.

"Eeeeeek!" squeaked the mouse.

"Chueeeeee!" screamed Bertie.

"Whoooit!" screamed the owl.

And the next minute, owl, bird and mouse were all tangled up in a struggling mass on the barn floor.

Bertie pecked and fought like a valiant little soldier. The baby mouse bit and scratched fiercely. But the wise old owl just hooted with mirth. "Scratch, bite and peck all you want to!" he said. "You can't get away from ME!"

He picked the mouse up in one claw and Bertie in the other and started to fly toward the rafters. But the wise old owl was not quite as wise as he thought

he was. For, suddenly, Bertie gave a quick little twist and freed himself from the owl's big claw.

Oscar was furious. He tried to swoop down and grab Bertie again while he still held onto the mouse. But Bertie was too smart for him. He darted up and over Oscar's head and landed upon his back. Sinking his claws deep into Oscar's feathers, he held on tight. And, as rapidly as a miniature woodpecker, he started to hammer with his sharp little bill upon the back of Oscar's neck.

Poor old Oscar. He clutched the mouse with one claw and the rafter with the other. He shook and shook and shook himself to try to get rid of his tormentor, but Bertie stuck. Finally, the owl could stand it no longer. He dropped the mouse. Then turned his attention to Bertie. But, as soon as Bertie saw the mouse scurry safely through the hole in the barn wall, he flew down and hopped out, too.

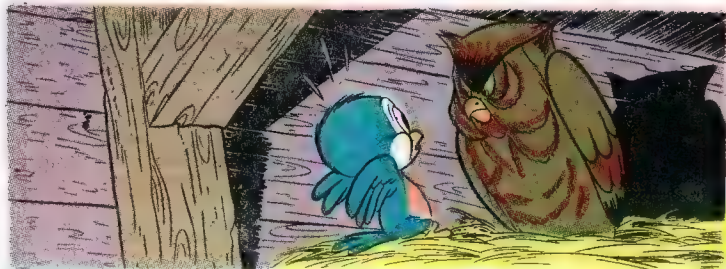
At last they were safe, and the storm was over. The little mouse and Bertie stopped outside the barn to catch their breath.

"Thanks for saving my life," squeaked the mouse.

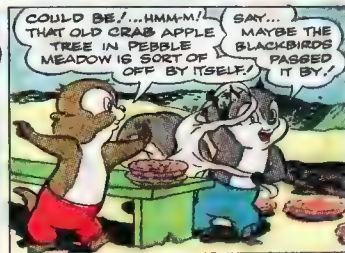
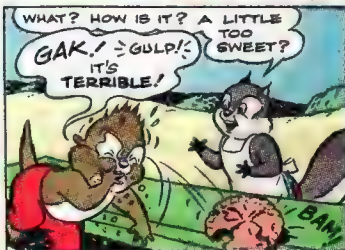
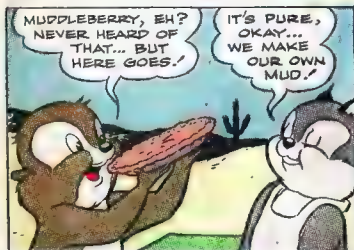
"Why shouldn't I?" Bertie asked. "Didn't YOU try to save MINE?"

With that, the baby mouse scurried off to the fields and Bertie flew home.

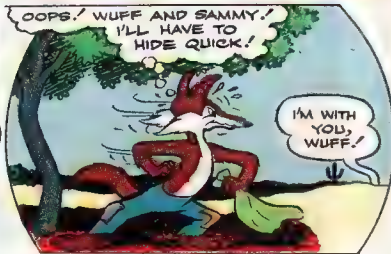
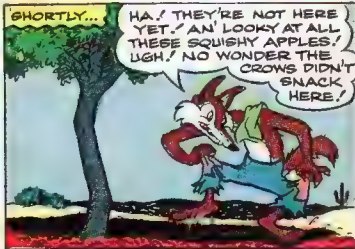
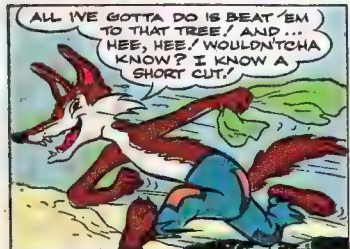
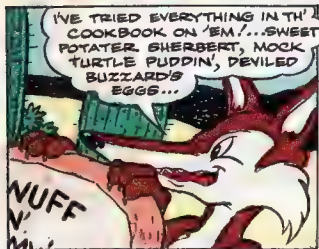
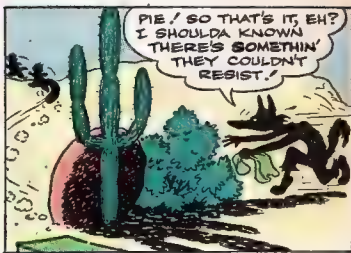
His mother gave a glad little chirp of welcome as he snuggled up close to her on the branch of the apple tree. She spread her wing protectively over him like she used to do when he was a baby. Then, with sighs of happiness and content, they both fell fast asleep.

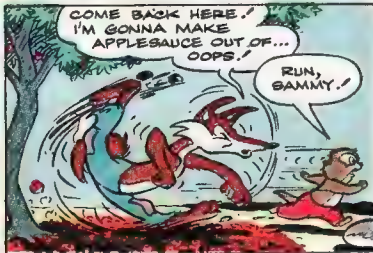
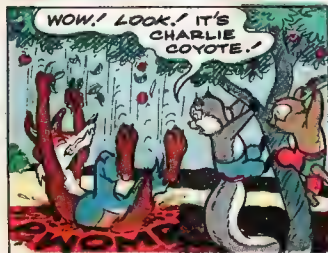
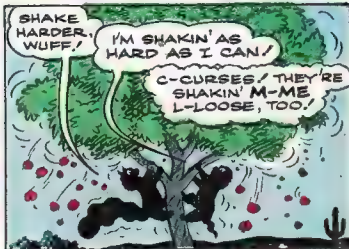
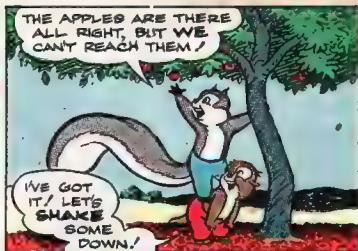


M.G.M. CARTOONS  
PRESENT  
**WUFF,**  
THE PRAIRIE DOG

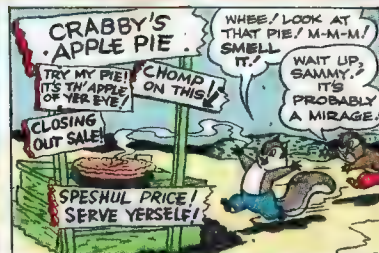
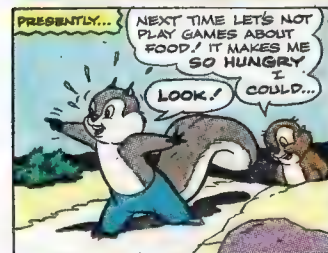
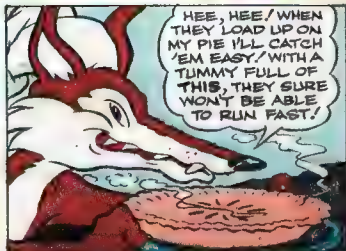
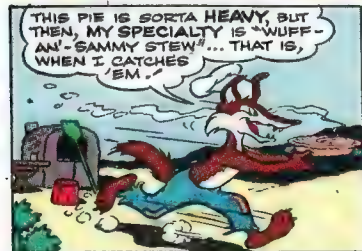
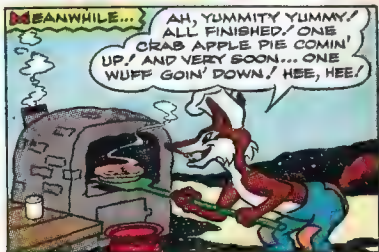
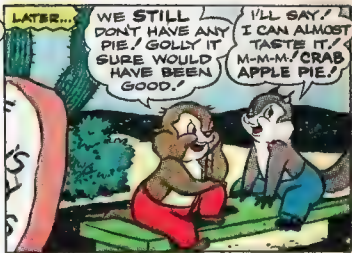
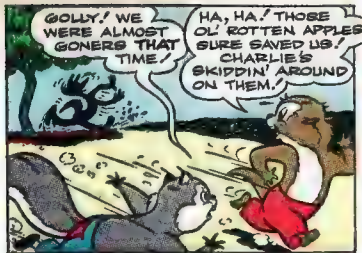


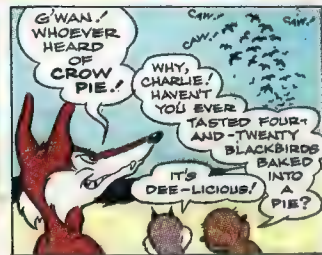
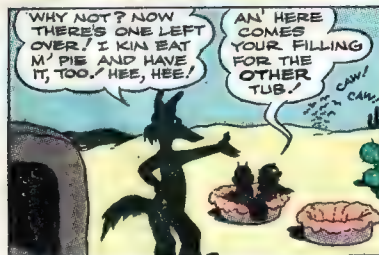
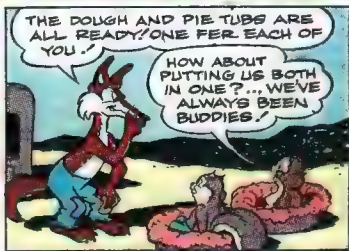
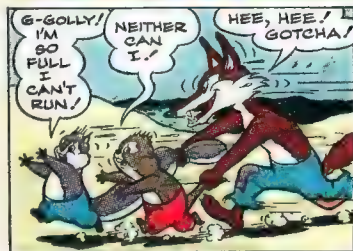
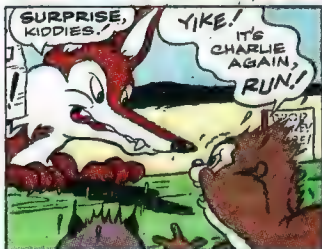




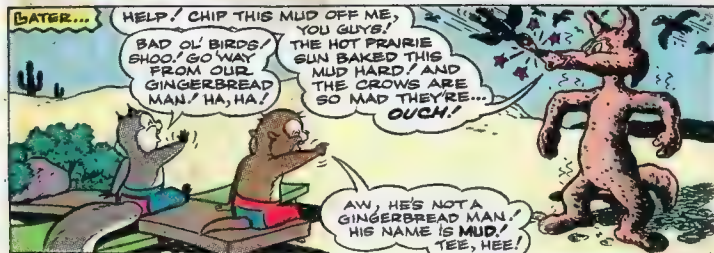
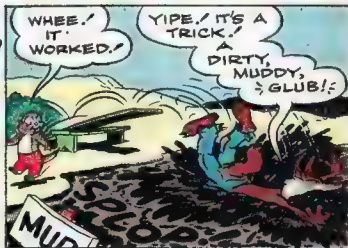
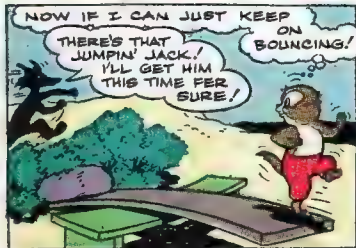
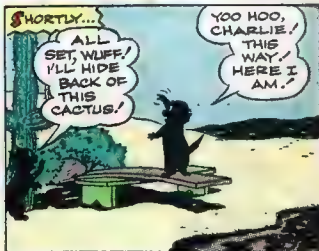
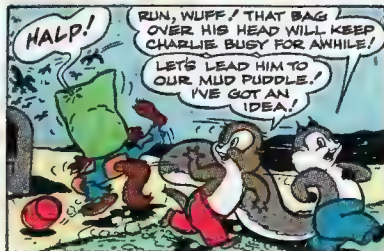












# FLIP 'N' DIP

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POP THERE'S A MAN  
OUTSIDE WHO SAYS  
HE'S A RELATIVE OF  
YOURS.

WOW! I WONDER  
IF HE'S ONE OF  
THE RICH  
ONES?

HUMPH! YOUR  
WHOLE FAMILY TO-  
GETHER ISN'T WORTH  
FIVE DOLLARS!

SIMPLE SIMIAN! BY  
GEORGE, I HAVEN'T  
SEEN YOU IN AGES!

HOWDY, COUSIN! I HAP-  
PENED TO BE IN THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD  
AND THOUGHT  
I'D DROP BY  
FOR LUNCH.

DON'T GO TO NO FUSS  
AND BOTHER, PA! STEAK  
AND POTATOES WILL BE  
PLENTY FOR ME!

ER - I'LL SEE WHAT  
MA HAS PLANNED  
FOR LUNCH.

IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO  
HAND OUT ANY FREE MEALS  
TO THAT LAZY LOAFER,  
YOU'RE MISTAKEN.

DON'T GET EXCITED,  
MA! I KNOW HOW  
TO DEAL WITH  
THIS SITUATION.

WITH PRICES LIKE THEY ARE,  
WE HAVE BEEN LIVING OFF  
THE LAND. WHAT SAY WE  
CATCH A MESS OF FISH?

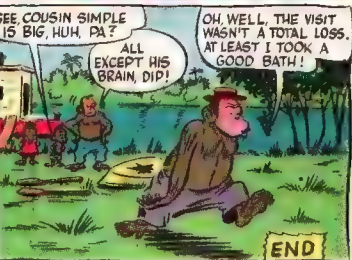
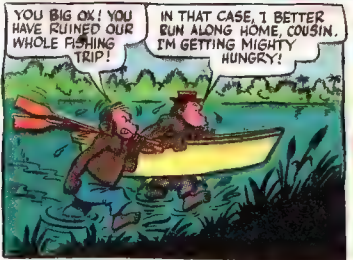
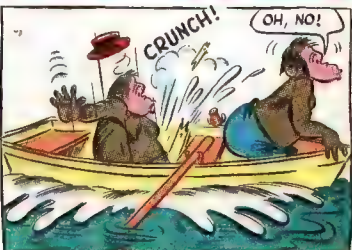
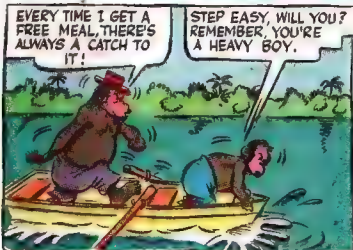
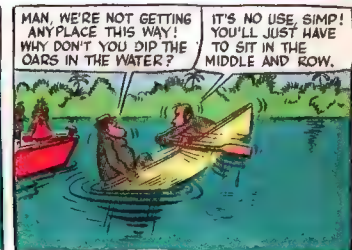
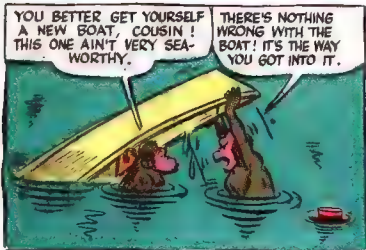
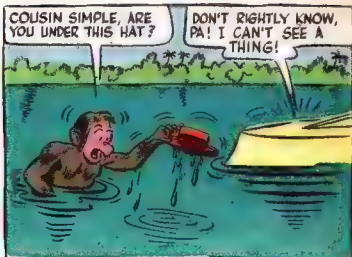
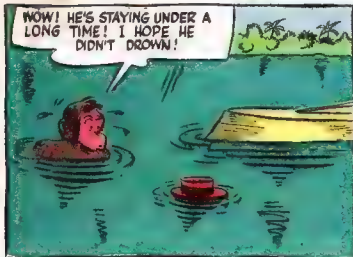
I AIN'T NO HAND  
FOR WORK, PA, BUT  
I'LL COME ALONG  
AND WATCH YOU.

CATTFISH IS MY FAVORITE,  
PA! HAD TWELVE OF  
THEM FOR BREAKFAST  
THIS MORNING.

WAIT, COUSIN SIMPLE!  
DON'T! YOU'RE  
GOING TO —

WHOOOPS!



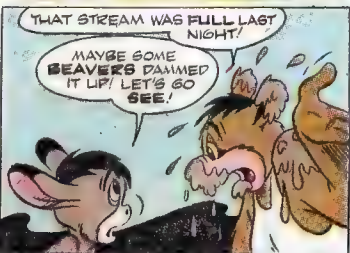
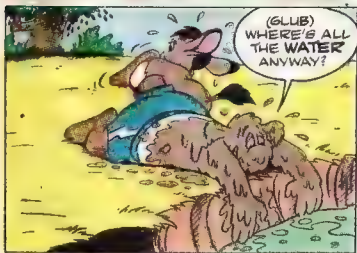
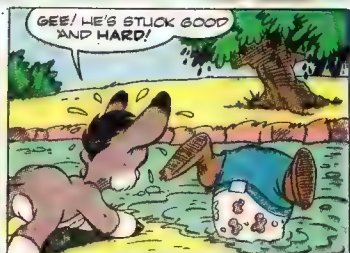
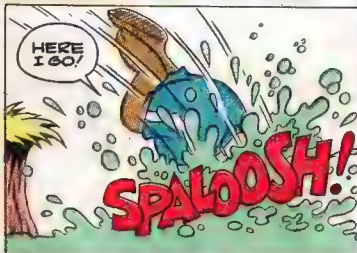
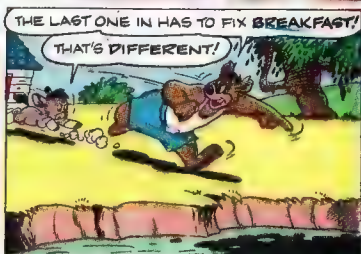
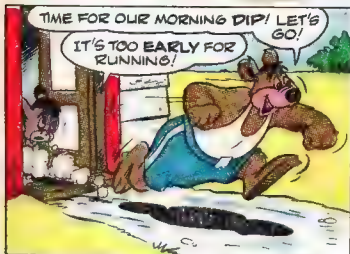


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PRESENT

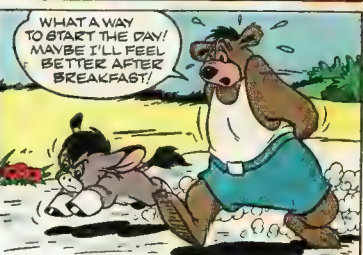
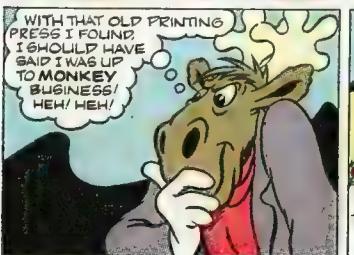
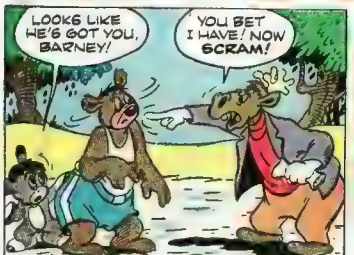
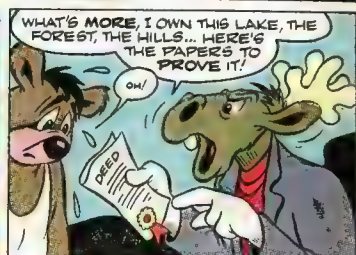
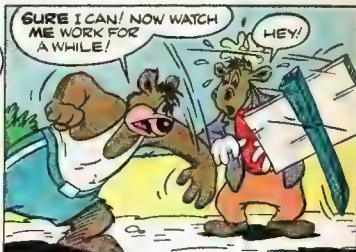
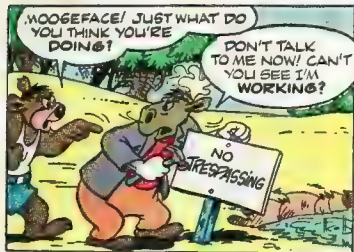
# BARNEY AND BENNY BEAR BURRO

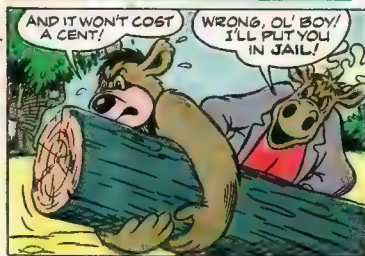
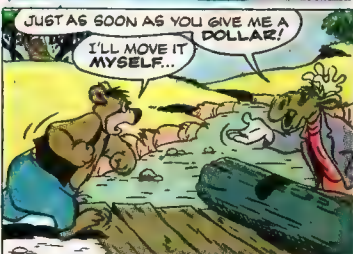
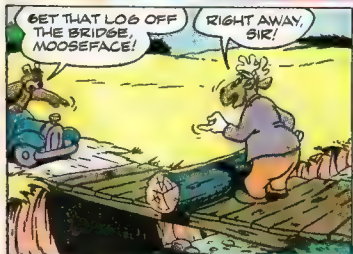
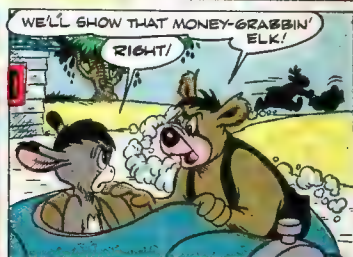
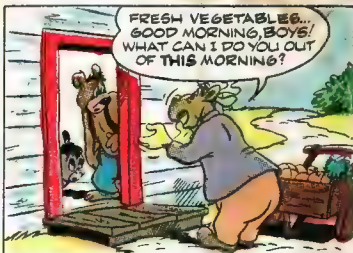
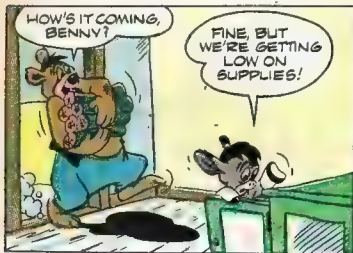
COME ON, BENNY! DO YOU WANT TO GLEEP ALL DAY?

HUH?  
OH!

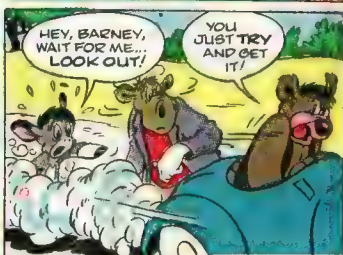
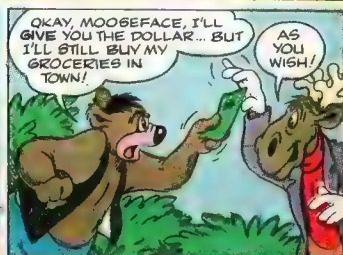
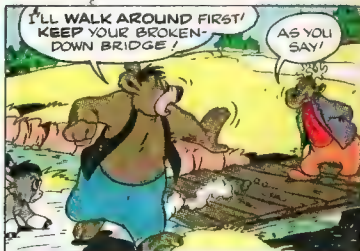


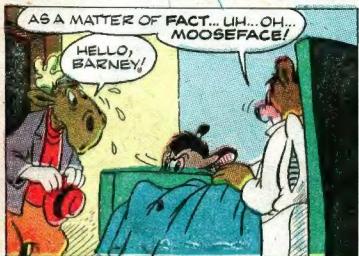
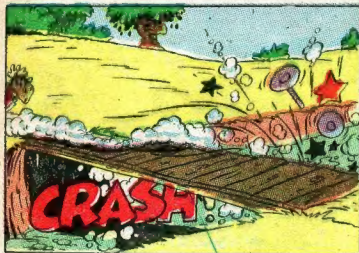








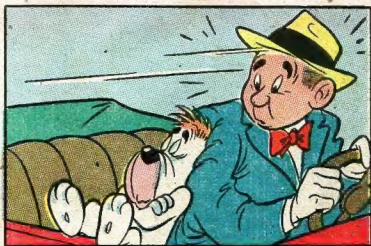
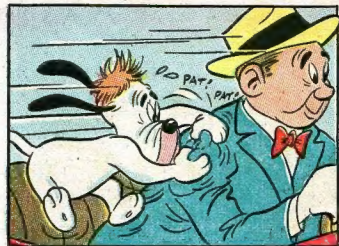
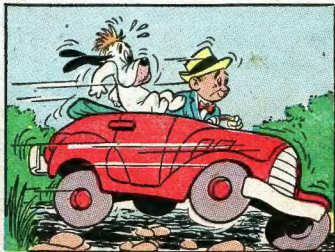






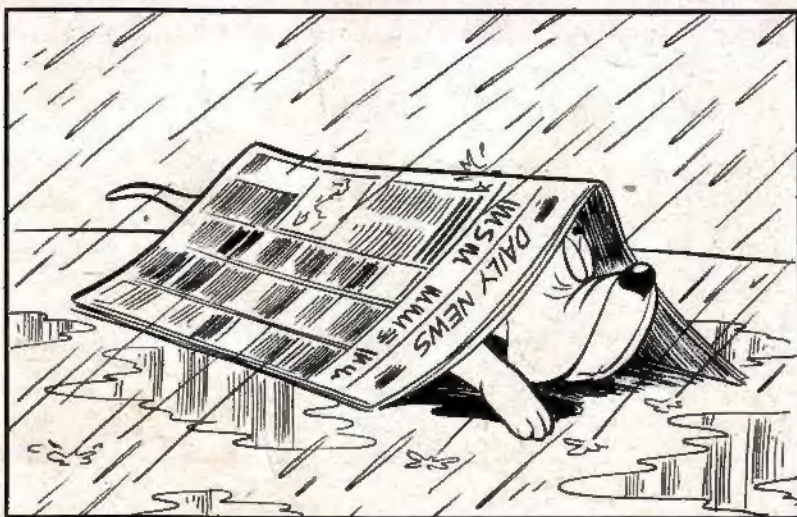
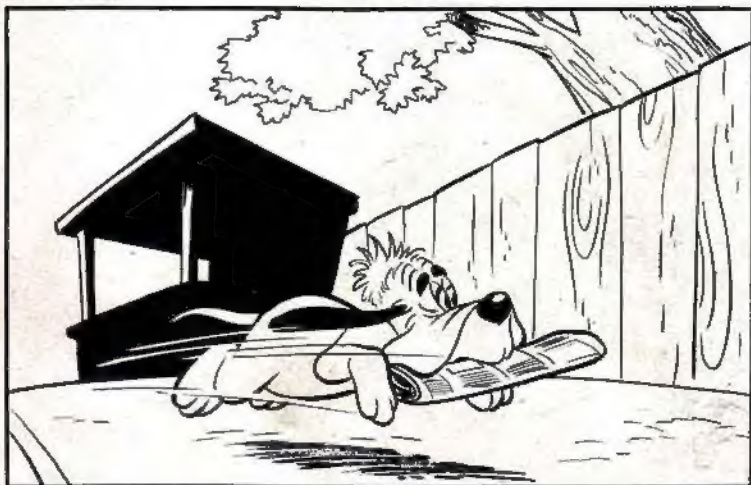
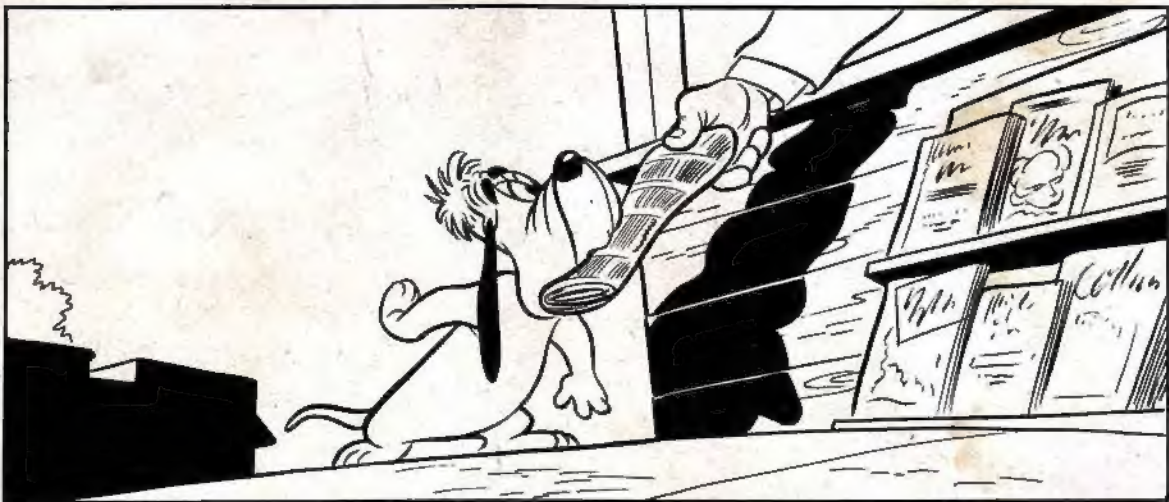


DRORY





DOODY





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Tom Jones  
AGE 9



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AGE 8



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